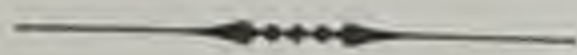


LIVING NAMES

SIX REFORMERS



250

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE
SIR ROBERT PEEL
ELIZABETH FRY
LORD SHAFTESBURY
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE
DR BARNARDO

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS



TO THE READER

KINDLY use this book very carefully. If the book is disfigured or marked or written on while in your possession the book will have to be replaced by a new copy or paid for. In case the book be a volume of set of which single volumes are not available the price of the whole set will be realized.

AMARSINGH COLLEGE
Library *al*

checked

Class No..... *FM*

Book No.....

Acc. No..... *12714*

LIVING NAMES

SIX REFORMERS

85
LIVING NAMES

SIX REFORMERS

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE
SIR ROBERT PEEL
ELIZABETH FRY
LORD SHAFTESBURY
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE
DR BARNARDO

by

JOHN WALTON

LONDON
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Oxford University Press, Amen House, London E.C.4

GLASGOW NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE WELLINGTON

BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS KARACHI KUALA LUMPUR

CAPE TOWN IBADAN NAIROBI ACCRA



First published 1941
Tenth impression 1960

W 173 S
023 S

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY HEADLEY BROTHERS LTD
109 KINGSWAY LONDON WC2 AND ASHFORD KENT

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE

RATHER more than a century and a half ago, in 1783, King George III summoned a young man of twenty-four to be Prime Minister of England. His name was William Pitt, and the whole country as well as the King wished him success, for the older men who had ruled the country before him had failed dismally. They had foolishly quarrelled with the American Colonies and lost the war that followed. Supported by France and Spain, the colonies broke away from their mother country, and England's reputation sank very low. The nation had grown so weary of the failures and quarrels of its statesmen that it now looked with great hope to the young William Pitt, perhaps because he was the son of the famous William Pitt who less than twenty years before had led England so gloriously through the great Seven Years War with France.

One summer's day, a few years after he became Prime Minister, the young William Pitt sat talking with a friend beneath an old tree on a hillside not far from his country home. This friend, who was the same age as Pitt, was a young Member of Parliament named William Wilberforce. At this time he was tired of the gay life he had been living. He did very little in Parliament. So now he was

seeking the advice of his closest friend, the Prime Minister.

‘Wilberforce,’ said Pitt, ‘why don’t you set out to destroy the Slave Trade?’

In giving this advice, Pitt showed how well he knew his friend. An ardent Christian, Wilberforce longed not merely for a successful career in politics, but for a career which would be of great use to all men. Nothing was more likely to appeal to him than the cause of the slaves.

Yet Pitt could not have offered his friend a more difficult task, for the Prime Minister had himself learned how powerful were the wealthy slave traders when he had pleaded in the House of Commons for an Act to check the cruelties suffered by the slaves. He realized that it would need a tremendous struggle to abolish the Slave Trade entirely. But Pitt was wise enough to see that nothing but complete abolition of the whole trade would help the slaves. This was the task he set before Wilberforce, and he knew his friend would never rest until the Slave Trade and slavery itself were no more.

Indeed, William Wilberforce was perhaps the only man in England who was at once able and eager enough to take up the fight against the Slave Trade. Born on 24 August 1759, at Hull in Yorkshire, he soon revealed what his career was going to be. Though delicate and but slight in figure, he possessed a powerful and musical voice that delighted all his hearers. At school his teacher

used to make him stand on a table and sing or recite to the rest of the school. A born orator, he soon set his heart on a career in politics. Even as a boy, he had written a letter to a newspaper attacking the horrors of the Slave Trade.

William Wilberforce grew up to be a gay and idle young man. His father was a successful merchant and sent his son to finish his education at Cambridge. But the young Wilberforce believed himself too clever to need to study, and set out to have a good time. It was at Cambridge that he first met William Pitt, then a clever and industrious student, far too busy to take much interest in the frivolous young Wilberforce.

But when Pitt and Wilberforce left Cambridge and went to London to begin their career in politics they soon became close friends. Night after night they would sit together in the gallery of the House of Commons, listening to the debates and dreaming of the time when they too would make great speeches in the House.

The two young men were filled with great ambitions and were determined to make the most of life. The society they moved in was the gayest and most fashionable in London. Almost every night when they were not at the House of Commons they were guests at some great ball or party. Wilberforce was especially popular at these because of his beautiful singing and because he could mimic the great men of the day. Often he would imitate Lord North, who was then Prime Minister,

or Charles James Fox, the orator, so cleverly that even their friends had to laugh. But one day some one told him that his skill as a mimic might be dangerous to his career in politics, and he at once gave it up.

Wilberforce was very popular in his native town, Hull. His father was a great man there, and his grandfather had been twice mayor. Moreover, the young man's wonderful voice, his great eloquence and his charming ways, endeared him to all the townsmen. No wonder that when he came of age and stood for election as Member of Parliament for Hull he won his seat with ease. Not long afterwards a vast crowd of Yorkshiremen gathered in the Castle Yard at York and heard Wilberforce make a great speech in defence of Pitt, who had just become Prime Minister. So impressed were the Yorkshiremen by his eloquence and courage that they said, 'We must have this young man for our county member'. And so Wilberforce became a Member of Parliament for the great county of Yorkshire, and at twenty-five he was one of the most powerful men in Parliament.

Bent on preparing himself for a great career, Wilberforce travelled widely. Three times he toured Europe. The first time he went in company with William Pitt. Wherever they went they found a great welcome. They were even invited by Louis XVI to the luxurious French Court at Versailles. But this tour was cut short when Pitt had to hurry back to England where Lord North

had fallen from power. Soon after this Pitt became Prime Minister, and his happy carefree days with Wilberforce were over. But Wilberforce continued to travel and twice toured the continent with the brother of his schoolmaster at Hull. It was this man who during their long coach rides in France and Italy set Wilberforce thinking seriously about the use he was making of his own life. Soon he began to see that he was wasting his fine opportunities of working for some great and noble cause. He was haunted by a sense of his own sin, and not all the pleasures of the great cities he visited in Europe could dispel his feeling that he was unworthy. He took to reading the Bible regularly and in its teaching found the way out of his troubles. He resolved to live a more useful and truly Christian life.

For his first few years as a Member of Parliament Wilberforce had spoken very little in the debates and had been content to follow Pitt. But before long the new and more serious Wilberforce met the men who were starting a campaign to abolish the Slave Trade. About this time, too, he met some of the followers of the great John Wesley, the famous religious reformer, then a very old man. Their influence strengthened his resolve to devote his life to religion and to a career that would be of service to his fellow men. And no men needed a champion more than the negroes who were sold into slavery. It did not take Wilberforce long to decide that buying and selling slaves,

however profitable to England, was a disgrace to a great nation.

So it was that on that summer's day when Pitt advised Wilberforce to take up the cause of the slaves, he did not need to plead with him to join those who were already fighting against the Slave Trade.

Men and women in England and America had long been saying that the trade in negro slaves was an evil which should be stopped, but William Wilberforce was the first statesman to devote his whole career to the cause of the negroes. The trade began in the days of Queen Elizabeth when the daring English seaman, Sir John Hawkins, in 1563 landed in Sierra Leone, carried off some 200 negroes, and sold them for slaves to the Spaniards in the West Indies. Even then men said it was an evil and un-Christian deed, but the trade continued. Later, in the seventeenth century, the Quakers, who called themselves the Society of Friends and preached a simple form of Christianity, protested against the Slave Trade, saying that no Christian ought to take any part in it. In America it was the Quakers who led the campaign against the slave-owners. In England the cause was taken up by Granville Sharp, who adopted a runaway slave in London. When the owner prosecuted him, he appealed to the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Mansfield, who declared that a slave became free as soon as he set foot on English soil. Thus Englishmen were

beginning to think that slavery everywhere was wrong, even before Wilberforce took up the fight against the Slave Trade.

Wilberforce knew that it was not enough just to wish for the end of slavery. Something had to be done. So he set to work to find out all he could about the Slave Trade so that he could reveal all the horrible facts to Parliament. It was because Parliament and the country as a whole did not know of the way the negroes were treated, he thought, that nothing was done. Once Parliament knew the truth, it would instantly abolish the trade. He little knew the struggle his aim would require.

If there was one man in England who knew everything about the Slave Trade it was Thomas Clarkson. While a student at Cambridge Clarkson had won a prize for an essay on 'Slavery'. As he rode home to London with his prize, he thought so much of the plight of the slaves that he resolved to devote his life to their cause. With a small band of friends he set to work to learn all about the Slave Trade and the life of the slaves on tea and cotton plantations. For years he and his friends carried on this anti-slavery campaign, and slowly England began to learn of the sufferings endured by the negroes in the West Indian and American plantations.

When Clarkson heard that Wilberforce, the Prime Minister's closest friend, was about to take up the cause of the slaves, he gladly hastened to give

him facts and figures for his speeches in the House of Commons.

About this time, 1787, English traders every year captured some 38,000 negroes from the Guinea coast of Africa and shipped them to toil as slaves on the vast cotton and sugar plantations of Virginia and the West Indies. Not that it was only the English who carried on this trade. A further 36,000 negroes were seized every year by French, Portuguese, Dutch and Danish traders.

Every year from the great ports of London, Liverpool and Bristol, ships would sail laden with trinkets and brandy. These things the captains would barter with the negro chiefs in return for batches of men, women and even children captured in war with other chiefs. Sometimes the captain of a slaving vessel would land his crew on the West African coast, raid a village near-by and carry off all its inhabitants.

But it was on the voyage to the West Indies, the 'Middle Passage' as it was called, that the captive negroes suffered most. Wrenched from their homes, they were fettered in pairs, driven on board ship, and packed so closely on narrow shelves in the hold that they scarcely had room to lie flat. Once a day they were taken on deck and made to dance for exercise. In rough weather they were kept below. If one of them managed to escape, he would leap into the sea to end his sufferings. Others fell sick, and even died, from the bad food, the terrible heat, or from the cruelty

of the captain or his crew. Often as many as a quarter of the slaves died on the dreadful Middle Passage.

Those who survived the voyage found themselves in slave markets in the West Indies or the Southern States of America. There they would be sold for the best price they would fetch, perhaps even £40. Most would be sold to tea and cotton planters who would set them to work on their vast plantations. Hour upon hour and day after day they would be forced to toil at picking tea or cotton in the fierce sun. If they were slack, they soon felt the foreman's lash, and many foremen were hard and brutal men. Often slaves died under the lash, but a slave was cheap and nobody cared. Perhaps if a slave were fortunate, he would be bought by a master who would treat him kindly, but still he was always a slave and would never be a free man.

All these things, together with many ghastly stories of the sufferings of the slaves, Wilberforce learned from Clarkson. Not many Englishmen knew how horrible the Slave Trade was. All they knew was that it earned them a great deal of money. It had made Liverpool alone a great and wealthy city.

But slowly Clarkson's campaign and Wilberforce's speeches in the House of Commons taught the English people that they were growing rich on the sufferings of slaves. To obtain details for Wilberforce's speeches, Clarkson travelled all over

England, visiting all the great ports. He would question the captains of slave ships, examine the slaves' quarters on their vessels, call on the West Indian planters who visited England to find out how they treated their slaves ; and always he would be telling those he met that it was England's duty to put an end to the trade.

Soon others joined the anti-slavery campaign. Most of them were religious men—Quakers and the followers of John Wesley. Others were champions of liberty, such as Charles James Fox, the famous orator and statesman, who demanded freedom not merely for English people but for all men.

While Clarkson was in Liverpool collecting evidence for Wilberforce, he heard that the slave traders and owners were growing anxious about the campaign against slavery. Some of them in Liverpool set men to follow Clarkson, and once a gang of roughs tried to jostle him off the quayside into the sea. But it needed more than threats or violence to daunt Clarkson and Wilberforce.

In Parliament, too, Wilberforce found that many men would not hear of abolishing the Slave Trade. In spite of his moving speeches revealing its horrors, they could not forget that the Slave Trade had made many men rich. It was risky, they said, to abolish the trade, for then there would be no one to work on the tea and cotton plantations. Besides, it might encourage the freed slaves to

rebel against their masters. And so Wilberforce's eloquent pleadings fell on deaf ears.

So strong and wealthy were the supporters of the Slave Trade that for twenty years they were able to prevent Wilberforce and his friends from freeing the slaves from their sufferings. In 1789, two years after Wilberforce first took up the cause of the slaves, the French Revolution broke out, and in 1793 England found herself at war with France. The nation was too much afraid of a revolution at home and too busy with the war abroad to think of the slaves. Yet Wilberforce and Clarkson continued to make speeches and publish pamphlets all over the country appealing for justice for the negroes. Nearly every year for twenty years Wilberforce pleaded in Parliament for the abolition of the Slave Trade. Time after time his Bill of Emancipation was rejected, but these failures merely spurred him on to fresh efforts. He knew that one day victory would be his.

Though Pitt had given Wilberforce full support from the day he suggested that he should take up the struggle, affairs of state had made it more and more difficult for the Prime Minister to help him in Parliament. In Europe the armies of Napoleon were everywhere victorious, and only Nelson by his glorious victory at Trafalgar in 1805 saved England from invasion. At home Pitt threw all his energy into raising money and men for the war which dragged on year after year. Men began to

grow discontented, for bad harvests in those years made food scarce, and the war made people poor. All these troubles and Napoleon's victories made the great Prime Minister old before his time. Eager as he was to end slavery, he found but little strength or time to help Wilberforce. His one thought was to save England from Napoleon, and in this task he wore himself out.

It was soon after Pitt had died suddenly in 1806 that Wilberforce at last found victory in sight—just when he was full of grief at the loss of his dearest friend. For Charles James Fox, the new Prime Minister, who had always supported the cause of the slaves, at once took up the fight with great energy. In 1807 Wilberforce once more spoke in the House of Commons for the abolition of the Slave Trade, and the success of his great labours in past years soon appeared. For this time the whole House was on his side. In that same year, 1807, the Slave Trade was abolished throughout the British Empire. By 1818 England had persuaded the other nations who had carried on the Trade to abandon it, and with the British Fleet guarding the shores of Africa no slaving vessel dared put to sea. When the Act of Abolition was passed by the House of Commons, one member truly said that Wilberforce had triumphed more gloriously than the Emperor Napoleon, then at the height of his power.

But the end was not yet. The Slave Trade was dead, but slavery still lived. And while there was

slavery, Wilberforce could not rest content. Soon he was once more pleading in the House of Commons, this time for the liberation of all slaves throughout the British Empire. Once again he met with enemies. Planters in the West Indies protested that, if their slaves were emancipated, they would be ruined, for the freed negroes would refuse to work. In England, men said that while the country was at war with Napoleon, they could not afford to risk trouble in the West Indies by setting free the slaves. Some even suggested that the slaves wanted to remain slaves. So once more the years crept on, and Wilberforce had to plead again and again before Parliament would even listen to him. The war with France ended in 1815, but still he could not bring about his reform.

Wilberforce was now growing old. He had never been strong, and he could no longer work and speak with his former vigour. Generously, he decided to hand over the leadership of the cause of the slaves to a younger man, who could be in closer touch with the chief men of the time. The man he chose was Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, an ardent supporter of the cause and, like Wilberforce, a great orator. It was this man, who in 1833 at last caused to be passed the great Act of Emancipation which ordered that at midnight 31 July 1834, the 800,000 slaves in the British Empire should be set free.

At that time a very old man, Wilberforce lived just long enough to hear that his last ambition

would be realized. Shortly before he died, messengers came from the House of Commons to tell him that the Bill was certain to be passed. 'Thank God!' he cried, 'Thank God that I have lived to see this day!' It was his greatest triumph. Worn out by his labours on behalf of the slaves, he died on 29 July 1833. A few days later he was buried in Westminster Abbey, not far from the grave of his friend, William Pitt.

Through the work of William Wilberforce no man in the British Empire could be made a slave. Soon other nations followed the example of England. In 1865 Abraham Lincoln, the famous American President, set free the thousands of negro slaves of the Southern States of America. It was the crowning touch to the life work of William Wilberforce, liberator of slaves.

SIR ROBERT PEEL

PRIME Minister of England! What does that coveted title mean? Under the King the Prime Minister is the ruler of England and the Empire. He is the man who chooses the members of the government, the Ministers of the Crown, and he dismisses them when he thinks fit. He guides and controls the ministers in his service, and it is their duty to obey him or resign. His word is final in all the public affairs of the nation—but only so long as Parliament supports him. If he acts against the wishes of Parliament, and a majority of its members vote against him, he must resign his office. But so long as Parliament keeps him in office he controls the destiny of the nation.

For over two centuries now there have been Prime Ministers of England. Most of the early Prime Ministers thought it was their duty merely to govern the country. They believed that their task was to keep peace and order at home, while abroad the national prestige must not be lowered. If the nation went to war it was their duty to guide it to a speedy and profitable victory. At all costs they must remain in power as long as possible. But there came a Prime Minister who believed it his duty to do more than all this. Not only had he to govern the people, he must also look after

their welfare. It was his task to make their lives happier and more secure, to help them in the fight against poverty, crime and injustice. The nation must be wealthy as well as powerful, well-fed as well as at peace, and contented as well as honoured. It must have good laws, wise judges, a strong police force, and plenty of schools. The first Prime Minister to look after the welfare of the people in this way was Sir Robert Peel.

Sir Robert Peel was a man of the people. He did not belong to any of the noble families from whom Prime Ministers were generally chosen. His father and grandfather had grown wealthy as cotton manufacturers. Peel's aristocratic enemies would often jeer at his humble birth, calling him 'Spinning Jenny'. There came a time when they had to admit that he was a greater man than any of them. At a time when merchants and industrial magnates were rapidly becoming more important than great landowners and nobles, it was fitting that the Prime Minister of England should be a man whose ancestors were men of business.

'A good boy, of gentle manners, by choice seeking older rather than younger companions, shrinking from all rudeness or coarseness, praised by the old and therefore not over-popular with the young'—thus did Peel's cousin describe the future Prime Minister at school. He was a fair-haired, blue-eyed, cheerful boy, good tempered and rather lazy. His great shyness was the first thing people noticed in him. So easily was he hurt that often

he would walk a mile out of his way to avoid the jeers and laughter of the boys of Bury, the town where he was born on 7 February 1788. Because he was shy and silent, men later said he was haughty and ambitious. Yet in truth few great men have been kinder and more eager to please both friends and enemies.

From his earliest days Sir Robert Peel was destined to be a statesman. His father had not been content merely to be a successful and wealthy manufacturer. He had entered public life and got himself elected to Parliament, where he became the champion of the apprentices in the cotton mills. Knowing how hard was their life, he obtained a law to shorten their hours of work in the mills. He was determined that his wealth and success should profit the whole nation as well as himself and his family ; so he resolved that his eldest son, Robert, should become a statesman. His hopes showed early signs of being realized. For young Robert Peel was a remarkably clever boy. He learned swiftly and well, and soon revealed a gift for oratory. Those were the days of very long, dull sermons at church on Sundays ; and many a time the boy would be stood on a chair when he came home from church, and ordered to repeat the sermon. This he would do with ease and enjoyment—and sometimes with more eloquence than the parson. In 1801 his father sent him to Harrow, where he was in the same class as Lord Byron, the poet. Success came easily to him, yet he

worked hard and enjoyed a reputation for industry. But he was never a bookworm. If he avoided cricket and football at school, it was because his favourite sport was shooting.

Peel's next success was at Christ Church College, Oxford, where he was awarded first class honours in mathematics and classics. At the age of 22 he was ready to make his career and a name in the world. In 1809, helped by his father, he was elected to a seat in the House of Commons. Shy as he was by nature, he wasted no time before he made his maiden speech. Before the time came he wrote out every word of his speech, and thus was able to speak for 40 minutes without a sign of shyness. He was soon marked down as a promising young man and in less than a year he was rewarded with a junior post in the government.

So far Peel owed everything to his father. His education, his seat in Parliament, even his post in the government had been found by Sir Robert Peel the elder. But from this moment young Robert Peel's rapid and brilliant success was due entirely to his own efforts and ability. In 1812 he was appointed Chief Secretary in Ireland, a difficult and dangerous post. Ireland was then a land of poverty, misery and strife. A Catholic nation ruled by Protestant England, the Irish were always on the point of rebellion. In a country where differences of politics were settled by knife or pistol, Peel often went in danger of his life. Yet he managed somehow to govern with wisdom and mercy. Even

when farms and ricks were burned nightly and murders were done in the open streets, he refused to rule the people harshly. In the parts where riots and bloodshed took place most often he removed the hated Protestant soldiers and set up a civil police recruited from the people themselves. It was a successful effort, for peace was kept even in times of famine and disease. And it led Peel later to create a much more famous police system.

When he returned from Ireland in 1818, Peel's name was made. But for a few years he kept out of affairs. His work in Ireland had tired him, and he was never at any time ambitious or eager for power. In 1820 he married Julia Floyd, a woman of great beauty whom he loved dearly all his life. Even at the height of his fame he cared much more for his home and his children than for the rewards of power. He begrudged every day that his work took him away from home, and was always happiest when out of office and able to live quietly. But knowing there were tasks which he alone could perform, he kept on at his public work until the nation needed him no longer. Nor was he without pride and pleasure when he was successful.

No government could now afford to do without Peel, and in 1821 Lord Liverpool, who was then Prime Minister, appointed him Home Secretary. Peel's new post was almost as hard as his work in Ireland. The government was very unpopular and the people discontented. The price of bread was very high and many poor people were starving.

In many parts of the country there had been riots which the hated government called out the soldiers to quell. Fearing a revolution such as had occurred in France, the government refused to reform laws which had long been out of date and barbarous. The rioters were shot down, public meetings were forbidden, and the men who demanded reforms were imprisoned or transported. All the time the nation grew more and more discontented and angry.

Peel saw that it was not enough to quell riots and keep the peace by force of arms. So long as government was bad and the laws unfair, men would rebel. Quietly and thoroughly he began to reform the old, out-of-date laws. When he became Home Secretary the death penalty could be inflicted for over two hundred offences, many of them petty and almost harmless. When a man could be hanged for a small theft as well as for murder, juries would find a man innocent whom they knew to be guilty or else refuse to pass sentence of death. Men of good sense began to despise the law and criminals thrived on its weakness. At a stroke Peel abolished the death penalty for all but the gravest crimes : murder, treason and arson. He made the criminal laws simpler and easier for the ordinary man to understand, and he reformed the prisons.

But it was still of little use to reform laws, without police to see that the laws were obeyed. There was no general system of police in Peel's day. Each town and village had its own

night-watchman and constables. Often these were old men who were too feeble or too lazy to stop robbery. In London there were only a few such men to police many square miles of the city. Peel resolved that a strong and trustworthy body of police would do more to put down crime than the severest of laws. But Englishmen at that time loathed the very word police. It reminded them of spies and all the terrors of the French Revolution. Free men, they declared, needed no armed force to keep them in order. But Peel announced that his new police force should carry no weapons except truncheons, and wear no military uniforms. In 1829 he formed the Metropolitan Police, a body of 3,000 men, who policed an area of 12 miles around the centre of London. The first police looked very much like civilians and even wore top hats. They were nicknamed 'Peelers' or 'Bobbies' after their creator, and at first they were very unpopular. Peel was accused of trying to take away the people's freedom. But when men saw how the new police prevented crime and rioting, they began to change their minds. Soon the 'Bobbies' were looked on as the preservers of freedom and good order.

In the same year in which he founded the police force, troubles came upon Peel. For the first time he was accused of betraying his followers. As a Protestant country, England had maintained severe laws against Catholics ever since the days of Charles II. No Catholic could sit in Parliament

or hold any government post, nor could a Catholic become an officer in the army or the navy. But England no longer feared a Catholic rebellion, and many men thought these laws were barbarous and intolerant. They demanded the emancipation of Catholics. Pitt himself had tried to abolish ancient laws, but George III had obstinately refused to permit their repeal. The Tory party led by Peel had always opposed Catholic emancipation, but Peel now began to have doubts. It seemed clearly unfair that Catholics should be ruled by a Parliament in which they had no vote. Among Catholics were some of the wisest and most patriotic men in the country, yet they were shut out of the government and could have no say at all in it. Soon there might be a rising in Catholic Ireland if emancipation were not granted. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland wrote to Peel: 'There may be a rebellion, you may put to death thousands, you may suppress it, but it will only put off the day.' The laws against Catholics had to go sooner or later.

Peel wanted to resign. He hoped someone else might be found to pass the Act freeing the Catholics. He had always belonged to the party which still opposed Catholic emancipation. If he now called Parliament to pass an Act of Emancipation, his party would brand him as a traitor. Yet no one else could be found to pass the Act. Only Peel was powerful enough to command the support of the House of Commons; and so he undertook

the job. His followers raged at him for betraying them. Many never forgave him. But the Act was passed. Catholics in future were to be as free as any other British citizens.

For a few years after this, Peel was out of office. Once again he could return to his country home, his wife and his family. In 1830 his father died and Peel became Sir Robert Peel and master of Drayton Manor in Staffordshire. But a quiet life was not to be his for long, for England was then in a very troubled state. Everywhere men demanded the reform of Parliament. Many of the big new towns could send no member to Parliament, while some ancient cities which had shrunk to the size of a village or disappeared altogether still sent two members. For many years reformers had demanded that all men should be given a vote, and now a Bill was brought forward in the House of Commons to reform Parliament. But men like the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel opposed the Reform Bill. They said the time was not ripe for reforms, and that the reforms suggested in the Bill were too sweeping. The reformers were too strong for them. Meetings and riots took place all over the country, and the demand for reform grew stronger every day. No Prime Minister who refused to promise to pass the Reform Bill could hope to remain in office a week. Wellington and Peel yielded, and allowed the leader of the reformers, Earl Grey, to pass the Reform Bill through Parliament.

Peel now seemed to have little chance of ever becoming Prime Minister. He had lost popularity by setting his face against the nation's demand for the reform of Parliament. His own party had little faith in him because he had supported Catholic Emancipation. Twice in the next few years he was summoned to be Prime Minister but on each occasion he failed to remain in office. His time was yet to come.

Not till 1841 did the party which had won the battle for the Reform Bill lose its popularity, and its leader, Lord Melbourne (who had succeeded Earl Grey), resign. Queen Victoria at once sent for Peel and commanded him to form a government. Now at last he could look forward to several years as Prime Minister.

Peel at once set to work to reform public affairs. The country had been badly in debt for some years. So far Prime Ministers had tried to reduce the debt by borrowing or by increasing taxes on food, drink and clothes. Peel's keen business sense told him that if something more drastic than this were not soon done the nation would go bankrupt. But his greatest desire was to lower the taxes on food and drink and especially on corn. To reduce the nation's debt he imposed a tax on income so that it was the rich rather than the poor who felt the burden more. The tax was at the rate of 7d. in the pound. Little as it seems nowadays, it raised a great storm of rage at the time. Peel himself meant the Income Tax to last only until

the debt was paid, but since his day Englishmen have always paid a tax on their income.

Peel could now reduce other taxes and customs duties. Meat, sugar, wool, beer and nearly a thousand other articles all became cheaper. Even though trade was bad and the nation in debt, Peel was determined that the poor man should not have to give up his pint of beer and joint of meat. Lack of trade, high taxes and poor harvests in these years led to poverty and starvation in many parts of the country, so that later men spoke of the period as the 'Hungry Forties'. When Peel abolished or reduced the many taxes that hampered trade, shopkeepers and traders prospered more and more, and poor men were able to buy food for their wives and families.

But one tax remained which caused great hardship among the poor. This was the duty on corn. British farmers were afraid that they would be ruined if foreign corn were freely imported. They demanded that importers of foreign corn should pay a duty which would make its price higher than the price of corn grown in England. Such a duty had been imposed for many years, and farmers believed that it protected them from ruin. They did not much care that it kept bread from the mouths of the poor. And as long as harvests were good only the poorest suffered.

Peel himself had long had no doubt at all that the Corn Laws were necessary. He did not want to see the farmers and landowners, who were his

chief supporters, ruined ; nor did he want England to be dependent for food on supplies from abroad. But soon after he became Prime Minister there were several years of poor harvests, and trade was very bad. For some years the powerful Corn Law League, led by John Bright and Richard Cobden, two of the greatest orators England has ever known, had been calling for the abolition of the duties on corn. The League had half the nation on its side, but not the farmers and land-owners. And now Peel began to doubt the wisdom of the Corn Laws. He had removed other taxes on food and drink ; why keep duties on corn ? Was it right to protect the profits of the farmers when people were starving ? Yet he knew that if he tried to repeal the Corn Laws he would raise a storm which would lead to his own downfall. For all his followers would at once desert him.

The year 1845 brought Peel face to face with the disaster he dreaded, for the summer was very wet and most of the harvest was lost. In Ireland the potato crop was completely ruined and thousands of people were on the verge of starvation. Peel now had to decide. If he kept the duties on corn, thousands would starve in both England and Ireland. Only by allowing corn to be imported freely could this horror be prevented. Peel resigned, hoping that some other statesman would be found to repeal the Corn Laws. But no other man was equal to the task. Peel had to return to office. He came back for one purpose only—

the repeal of the Corn Laws. Once he had persuaded Parliament to accept the repeal, he retired. But the abuse heaped on him was terrible. The men who had once loyally supported him accused him of betraying all he had pledged himself to uphold. The farmers declared that he had left them to the mercy of foreigners. Never again could he hope to be Prime Minister of England. One thing only consoled him in his ruin—he had saved thousands from starvation.

For the next four years Peel lived quietly and happily with his family. As the years passed and ruin did not follow the repeal of the Corn Laws, even Peel's enemies began to see that he had acted rightly. His fame increased, but he had no wish to return to office. Nor did he ever have a chance to be Prime Minister again, for on 29 June 1850, he was thrown from his horse while riding in Hyde Park, and a few days later he died from his injuries. When the news spread that Sir Robert Peel was no more, the whole country was filled with sadness, for it knew that it had lost a great man and a great reformer.

ELIZABETH FRY

ONE cold winter's morning many years ago a strange scene took place in Newgate prison in London. A lady, simply but richly dressed in grey, asked to be allowed to talk to the women prisoners, alone. Her name was Elizabeth Fry.

Such a request was unheard of. The turnkeys, or gaolers, did their best to persuade the lady to give up her plan. Even they were afraid to enter the women's quarters alone, but for safety always went in pairs. For the women prisoners were as fierce as wild cats. Most of them were hardened criminals, the dregs of London. Many were under sentence of death or were waiting to be transported to Botany Bay, the convict settlement far away in New South Wales. In Newgate they were herded together in two long rooms, and there they lived, ate and slept. All day long they screamed and fought with one another. No wonder the turnkeys feared that the strange visitor would be attacked and robbed or torn to pieces if they allowed her among such women. Even the prison governor himself was not safe there without a guard.

But the lady in grey refused to be denied. When the turnkeys protested, she showed them the governor's permit, giving Elizabeth Fry full authority to enter the women's quarters. With

much grumbling, the turnkeys then agreed to unlock the gate for her. But they warned her that she would be safer if she left her gold watch behind. Even this she refused to do, but insisted on visiting the women quite alone and unprotected.

As the turnkeys hastily shut and locked the gate behind her, the lady in grey advanced to meet the women prisoners. Astonished to see anyone visit them without a guard, they crowded forward to take a closer look at her, and the turnkeys trembled for her safety.

So far not one of the women gave any sign of molesting the unprotected visitor. Filled with curiosity to see anyone so calm and unafraid in their midst, they waited to see what she would do. If she had then shown the least sign of fear she would have been lost. Without a word, she picked up one of the prisoners' children and allowed him to play with her gold watch chain. Then she began to talk to the women, appealing to the mothers among them not to let their children grow up in prison to become prisoners themselves. And, as a mother herself, she promised to help them plan for their children's future.

Criminal as they were, even the hardest were touched by this appeal. Eager to hear more, they found their visitor a chair and brought their children to show her. They even began to make plans for a school to be held in the prison. For hours Elizabeth Fry sat with them and listened to their stories of poverty and trouble and crime.

To all of them she gave new hope for a happier future. When at last she left them, and the turnkeys had once more locked and bolted the gate, the women of Newgate Prison knew that they had found a true friend.

Elizabeth Fry soon paid another visit to the women prisoners. This time they welcomed her gladly, and presented to her the schoolmistress, a young woman, named Mary Connor, whom they had chosen from among themselves to teach their children. They were eager to waste no time in starting the new school. So Elizabeth Fry at once went to the prison authorities and asked permission to use a small room near the women's quarters as a schoolroom. The authorities laughed at the very idea of a school in prison. It was all nonsense, said they, and quite hopeless to expect the women—or their children—ever to be fit for anything but prison. But they allowed Elizabeth Fry to use the room she asked for. Next she borrowed a number of old schoolbooks from her friends. All was now ready, and next day the school started. From the first it was a great success. The women took the greatest pride in their children's progress, and instead of neglecting them as before, they washed and dressed them every day so that they should be clean and tidy for school.

No sooner was the school for children started in Newgate than the women prisoners demanded a school for themselves. They wanted to learn

to read, they wanted to learn to sew. They wanted to learn to do anything that would keep them from being idle and bored all day long. For boredom led to quarrels, and quarrels led to fresh crimes and misery. So once again Elizabeth Fry had to help. Once again the prison authorities scoffed at the idea that criminals or their children could be reformed. If prisoners were given books to read or needles and cotton to sew with, they declared, they would all be stolen or destroyed within a week. And who, they asked, was to pay for such folly? But Elizabeth Fry persisted with her plans. She knew well enough that the women only needed a little encouragement and help. From her friends she obtained gifts of books, clothes and sewing materials. Other friends went with her to help the Newgate women, and very shortly the formerly wild prisoners spent their days reading and sewing. They mended their own and their children's clothes, and even made clothes for sale. No longer were the days and nights at Newgate made hideous with the screams and cries of the women prisoners, for now the women had too much to do to quarrel. They had no time now to plan new crimes on their release from prison. The turnkeys were no longer terrified to enter the women's prison alone, and even the prison authorities had to admit that the women prisoners had been wonderfully reformed. And they were not too proud to own that it was all owing to the work of Elizabeth Fry.

The woman who had thus won for herself the

title of 'the prisoners' friend' was born on 21 May 1790, at the village of Earlham in Norfolk. Her father was John Gurney, a wealthy banker and a Quaker, and Elizabeth and her brothers and sisters were brought up as Quakers. Every Sunday the Gurneys drove in their carriage to the Quaker Meeting House at Norwich, where they had to sit through a meeting lasting two hours, with many prayers and sermons. To the Gurney children this was a gloomy and boring way of spending a morning, and very glad they were when it was all over. In those days most Quakers were dressed very plainly in grey or brown, and the women wore white caps. But the Gurneys were not very strict members of the Society of Friends, as the Quakers called themselves, and they dressed according to their own fancy. Sometimes Elizabeth and her sisters would appear at the meeting house wearing gay scarlet cloaks and hoods—to the great horror of the older Quakers. Though their meetings were dull and their habits strict, the Quakers were good people. They sincerely practised the simple form of Christianity which they preached—even though they were jeered at for it. In the time of Charles II they had endured and won through terrible persecution. Now all men respected their sincerity and honesty. It was well known that a Quaker's word was his bond, and so Quakers thrived in business. Yet they were not content merely to win fortunes. They gave freely to the poor. They built schools. They

began the fight for the emancipation of the slaves. Everywhere they tried to improve the lot of their fellow men.

The Gurneys were a happy and carefree family. Earlham Hall, where they lived, was a fine mansion with beautiful grounds. Here they entertained their many friends, held many parties and went riding together. Elizabeth had six sisters and four brothers, and they were known all over Norfolk for their gaiety and their mad pranks. They loved to poke fun at the solemn Quakers and to shock the strict elders of the meeting house with their bright clothes and their cheerful smiles.

One day there came to the meeting house at Norwich a Quaker preacher from America. The words he spoke during the meeting stirred Elizabeth very strongly, and she soon began to think that her carefree life was not good enough. Anxious to live a more truly Christian life, she began to listen more carefully to what was said at the meeting house and to practise what the Quakers taught. Before long she gave up wearing pretty frocks and dresses and adopted the more sober dress of the stricter Quakers. Dancing, parties, music, games, all the things that had once made her so happy, she now abandoned to follow the way of life she had chosen. Even though her sisters laughed at her for this, she kept to her way, and all her life remained a strict Quaker.

Yet Elizabeth Fry was always a very sensible and practical woman. She was never content merely

to try to live a good life. She wanted much more to *do* good. No sooner did she become a strict Quaker than she tried to make herself more useful to her fellow men. Seeing that many of the boys and girls of Earlham were too poor to go to school, she resolved to teach them herself. At first she had only one little boy whom she taught to read stories from the Bible every Sunday evening. Soon he told his friends, who were eager to join him. In one of the attics of her father's house Elizabeth started her school. So popular did she become with the children of the villages nearby that it was not long before nearly seventy of them crowded into that attic. It meant much hard work for their teacher, but she was happy to do it. Though at first her sisters laughed at her and refused to help, calling the children 'Betsy's Imps', she persevered. She even visited the children's homes and nursed them when they were ill. It was in the attic with her seventy 'Imps' that she first learned how much the poor of the cities and countryside of England needed practical help.

Elizabeth Gurney was a tall, fair young woman, and though perhaps not so beautiful as some of her sisters, she was the first of them to marry. Her husband, Joseph Fry, paid many visits to Earlham before at last she consented to marry him. London, where her new home was to be, seemed far away and friendless. She could not bring herself to leave her pleasant home at Earlham, her sisters and her school. At first, indeed, she was

not very happy in her husband's great house in London. But soon she had children of her own to busy herself with, and the years passed happily for her. Her husband, who was also a Quaker, was a wealthy banker, and it became Elizabeth Fry's duty to act as hostess to large gatherings of London Quakers and business men. Yet she still found time for helping the poor of the great city, and in 1813 she paid her first visit to Newgate.

No worse den of misery and filth than Newgate existed in England at that time. All kinds of prisoners were crowded together within its walls. Some were awaiting trial, others transportation, others execution, whilst many were serving long sentences. Innocent and guilty, young and old, mixed freely together. All of them had to find money for their food and bedding or rely on the help of friends, for prison rations were scanty and hardly fit to eat. To pass the time away the prisoners played cards, fought or got drunk. Very few people in those days thought that criminals could be made into good citizens. Once a criminal, always a criminal, men said, and so crime was punished as brutally as possible. Death was the penalty for over two hundred such petty crimes as stealing a piece of cloth, killing a rabbit or breaking into a house. A man who sold stolen goods was whipped through the streets of London. Criminals who were not sentenced to death were generally transported. This meant that they were banished to Botany Bay in New South Wales for

seven years, fourteen years or even for life. Yet with all these harsh punishments and crowded prisons, crime throve and increased daily.

As soon as Elizabeth Fry saw the misery of the prisoners of Newgate she knew that she had found work which it was her duty to do. From that day she became 'the prisoners' friend'. The task she had undertaken was colossal. All over England prisons were as barbarous as Newgate. But it was not her way to tackle all the difficulties at once. She did not demand an Act of Parliament to improve the state of English prisons. She did not even issue an appeal for help. Instead, she went alone to Newgate, made friends with the women prisoners and in a very short time turned many of them into good citizens.

Such work did more good than many an Act of Parliament. It was copied in other prisons throughout the country, and men began to see that kind treatment and employment were better cures for crime than brutality and neglect. Elizabeth Fry soon gathered round her a band of ladies who visited prisons, taught the prisoners' children, found work for the prisoners themselves and helped them after they were discharged. In a few weeks she had become famous, and her school in Newgate was the talk of the day. The Lord Mayor of London himself, with his sheriffs and aldermen, visited the prison to see for themselves. They could scarcely believe their eyes. The savage women they had once known had vanished. In

their place was an orderly band of women, some of whom were sewing, others knitting and others reading. Newgate had become almost a show. Statesmen, noblemen, travellers from foreign lands, and even princes gathered in the prison to hear Elizabeth Fry read to the prisoners and to marvel at the wonderful change she had made.

It was always a sad day for Elizabeth Fry when prisoners who were her friends left Newgate for the convict-ship and transportation to Botany Bay. This was the unhappy lot of many of the women who came under her care, and at first she feared it would undo most of the good she had done. How could she help women on the long voyage? And who would help them when they were far away in the convict settlement? It seemed more than likely that transportation would make them worse criminals.

Once again she went to the prison authorities and enlisted their aid. They gave her permission to go on board the convict-ship and see to the comfort of the women prisoners. Soon she had a school started for their children, and had persuaded the authorities to make a rule that no women should be fettered during the journey. To encourage the women to work and earn a living when they reached New South Wales, they were each given a set of gifts which included two aprons, a cap, knife and fork, needles, pins, cotton, wool, scissors, pieces of cloth and tape, and many other articles useful in sewing and knitting. During

the voyage the women would busy themselves with these things, and at the end of it would have quilts and clothes to sell. Elizabeth and her friends even managed to provide books for the women.

No wonder they adored Elizabeth Fry and were broken-hearted when the moment for parting came. Every year she visited the convict-ship as it lay in the river waiting for a favourable wind. The prisoners would crowd on to the deck to hear her read the Bible to them for the last time. To catch a glimpse of her, sailors climbed into the rigging of neighbouring ships. Not a sound was heard as she read in her clear voice, and as she left the ship the eyes of everyone on board would follow her until they could see her no more. As she was being rowed ashore, one of the prisoners leaned over the side of the ship and cried: 'Our prayers will follow you, and a convict's prayers will be heard.'

Elizabeth Fry was now one of the most celebrated women of her time. From all parts of Europe came requests and appeals that she should help in the reform of prisons. Her advice was sought by ministers and monarchs. She undertook many long journeys in England and on the Continent. Among her friends were Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, Sir Robert Peel, the famous Prime Minister and social reformer, and King Frederick William IV of Prussia. Always was she urging that criminals could be turned into good citizens if only they were treated as human

beings to be taught and not as wild beasts to be tamed. Her words bore fruit in many lands, for not only in Great Britain but also in France, Germany, Holland, Denmark and even in Russia, prisons were made less barbarous, prisoners were no longer chained, floggings were inflicted less often, work was found for the older prisoners and teachers for the children. Convicts who knew nothing else of England blessed the name of Elizabeth Fry.

In spite of her immense labours on behalf of prisoners, Elizabeth Fry still found time to bring up a happy family of eleven children. The Frys had a beautiful home in Essex, where their large family spent many happy years. But in her old age troubles came to Elizabeth Fry. By 1836 three of her sisters had died, and she had also lost her eldest son, William, and two of her grandchildren. Added to these sorrows came poverty. Some of her husband's businesses failed, and the Frys were forced to sell their beautiful home and take a much smaller house. Gone were the days when they owned a fine mansion in London as well as their country home.

But Elizabeth Fry did not cease to work for prisoners, even when her health began to fail. Nor did she forget others who needed her help. Once when she was by the sea recovering from an illness, she used to sit and watch a coastguard pacing up and down the cliffs. She was at once touched by the loneliness of the life of the men

who kept ceaseless watch on the shores of England. If only these men had books, she thought, at least their spare time need not be spent in idleness and boredom. In a few years, owing to her labours, libraries were placed in every one of the five hundred coastguard stations around the English coast.

At length there came the time when Elizabeth Fry was too frail and ill for the work she so much loved. No more could she visit prisons and read to the prisoners, never again would she go on board the convict-ship to cheer the convicts before their long, sad journey. She died on 12 October 1845. The world had lost a very great woman and prisoners a loyal friend, but nothing could undo her work.

LORD SHAFTESBURY

ENGLAND a hundred years ago was a hard place to live in for all but the wealthiest and highest-born. In those days the rich owners of the new factories and mills lived in comfort, and so did the great landowners and noblemen. For the rest of the people there was often poverty and hunger. Children especially were not cared for as they are to-day. Only those whose parents could afford fees went to schools, and so most of the poorer people of England could neither read nor write. Thousands of unhappy children were sent to work long hours every day in mills and factories and coal mines. Others were made to climb and sweep chimneys or toil all day at weeding and picking in the fields. Employers were glad to have children to work for them, as they paid children less than the grown-ups for their work and they could drive them harder. Poor people would even sell their children to mill-owners to work for them for so many years. It was a hard life and a bleak future for all such children.

Though an age of toil and misery for working men and women and their children, this was also an age of great men and women. Queen Victoria, one of the greatest of English monarchs, had just

come to the throne. Sir Robert Peel, who founded the police system and reformed the cruel laws against criminals, was Prime Minister. Not many years before, George Stephenson had founded the first railway, and the famous scientist Michael Faraday had invented the dynamo. In 1832 Lord Grey had passed the Reform Act which gave many more men than before the right to vote for a member of Parliament; and thirty years later another great English statesman, Benjamin Disraeli, gave the vote to working-class men. This was also the age of Florence Nightingale, the heroine of the Crimea, and the founder of modern nursing. Yet perhaps of all the great men and women of the reign of Queen Victoria, none is so well remembered to-day by ordinary men and women as Lord Shaftesbury, the philanthropist who laboured all his days to make life happier for the men and women and above all the children working in the factories, mills, mines and fields of England.

Lord Shaftesbury was born at the very beginning of the nineteenth century, on 28 April 1801, in London. He was christened Antony Ashley Cooper, the name his ancestors had borne since the days of Queen Elizabeth. His father was the sixth Earl of Shaftesbury, and until the future reformer succeeded to the earldom at his father's death in 1851, and so became the seventh and greatest Earl of Shaftesbury, he was known as Lord Ashley.

In the year in which Lord Ashley was born, England was engaged in the war with the French, under Napoleon. William Pitt the younger was Prime Minister, and Lord Nelson was in command of the English Fleet which in 1805, when Lord Ashley was only four years of age, defeated the French and Spanish fleets at the famous battle of Trafalgar. In 1815, while Lord Ashley was still at school, came the battle of Waterloo at which the French Emperor and conqueror was defeated by the Duke of Wellington and sent into exile on the Island of St. Helena far away in the South Atlantic Ocean. For the next forty years England was at peace.

Lord Ashley's childhood was not a very happy one. Though born into a noble family he was lonely and neglected. His father, a stern and harsh man, was too busy with his public duties as a Member of the House of Lords to take much notice of his son, and Lady Shaftesbury would not give up the pleasures of fashionable London society to be a good mother to her children. So the boy was left to the care of servants. His one friend in his early years was his old nurse, Maria Millis, of whom he was very fond. She it was who would sit and talk to the lonely little boy and read him stories from the Bible. She too taught him the religious faith he kept throughout his long life, the faith which was the mainspring of all his efforts to make England a happier land to live in.

The young nobleman was educated at Harrow, the famous old school, where the sons of many of the greatest noblemen and statesmen of England have been educated. It was while he was at Harrow that he determined what his future career should be. For as he was walking near the school one day he saw a party of workmen bearing the coffin of a pauper to the churchyard. But so drunk were the bearers that they rolled and lurched from side to side of the street, until at last they lost their balance and let the coffin tumble into the road. So shocked was the young Lord Ashley at this terrible scene that he could not move from where he stood. It seemed to him a disgrace to England that a man with no money or friends should have such a mockery of a funeral. At that moment he resolved to devote his life to the service of all the men, women and children of his country whose poverty made them the slaves of others.

After leaving Harrow, Lord Ashley finished his education at the University of Oxford. He was then eighteen and was not a brilliantly clever young man, but made up for this by determination. So hard did he work that he obtained a first class degree. Then, after a long tour through Europe as was the custom for high-born young Englishmen in those days, he entered Parliament as Member for Woodstock in 1826. He was just twenty-five, a tall and handsome young man.

His life's work began almost as soon as he took his seat in the House of Commons. For his very

first speech was in favour of an Act to prevent the cruelties suffered by lunatics. At that time people believed that lunatics were possessed by demons or evil spirits. Because of this they kept their friends who were mad locked up in cells, often in chains, and would flog them or duck them in cold water when they were troublesome. Sometimes old people who were not lunatics were locked up by their relations who wanted to get hold of their money. In the famous Hospital of Bethlehem in London, people were charged twopence to see the lunatics, who were often goaded into fury by their keepers in order to attract more people to come and see them. All over England, the young Lord told the House of Commons, poor people who could not help themselves were being kept in cages or dark and filthy cells, often without enough food or clothing and often in chains. It was the young reformer's first speech, but it brought peace and kind treatment to many poor madmen, for it led Parliament to order that in future lunatics should be looked after as invalids and put under the care of doctors. Lord Ashley was put at the head of the men who were to see that this was done. And for the rest of his life, amid all his many other labours, he always found time to give to the cause of the lunatics.

The leading statesmen of the time soon saw that Lord Ashley was a promising young man. The Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, gave him

a high post in the government of India, and in that post Lord Ashley soon revealed his humanitarian spirit. He worked hard to abolish the practice of *suttee* or widow-burning and to improve the relations between Indians and the English. Soon he was offered higher posts in the Government, but he made up his mind to refuse them, much as he would have liked the honour. He believed that as a minister of the Government he would be tied to that Government's aims and methods, and he wanted to be free to carry out whatever social reforms seemed most necessary, whether the government of the day supported them or not. So he renounced all ideas of fame as a statesman, and set himself the task of improving the lot of ordinary men and women.

In 1833 all negro slaves throughout the British Empire were set free. This was mainly due to the labours of William Wilberforce, who had spent his life trying to pass the Act of Emancipation through Parliament and who died in the very year of his triumph. No one was more glad to see the slaves set free than Lord Ashley, who was a keen admirer of Wilberforce. Yet he could not help thinking of the men, women and children who worked like slaves in the factories of England, and wondering when they would win *their* freedom. It was in this very year, 1833, that he began his long struggle to obtain better conditions for factory workers.

Since about the middle of the eighteenth century

England had been growing more and more a country of bricks and mortar. In a few years villages had swollen to great cities, such as Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow. Hearing that fortunes were to be made in the new towns, men left the villages and farms and went to live in the new towns.

In those days there were many opportunities for poor men to rise to ranks of great wealth and honour. James Watt, who invented the steam engine, and George Stephenson, the father of the railways, were two such men of humble origin who rose to be very great men. For it was an age of wonderful mechanical inventions. At the end of the eighteenth century had appeared the power looms which produced finer cloth far more quickly than had the old hand machines. To work these new machines many men were needed, and factories were built for them to work in. About this time, too, Robert Macadam invented the hard road surface which is called after him, and as a result cotton and woollen goods could be transported more rapidly from factory to port, and coal and iron could be brought more easily from the mining districts. As well as roads, canals such as the famous Manchester Ship Canal were built to join the chief rivers of the country. Every year these new roads and canals carried more and more cloth and machinery and coal to be sold abroad, and every year England grew richer and richer. At the same time the population increased

enormously. In the eighteenth century it doubled itself and by the time the future Lord Ashley was a young man it was over twelve millions.

Unfortunately, although some men, the owners of the mines and factories, grew very rich during the Industrial Revolution, as this age is called, those who worked for them grew much poorer. For their long, long hours of dreary labour in the huge new factories, those men and women who had left the country for the town in search of work were paid but a few shillings a week, and often they had to send their children to work at cleaning and watching the machines in the factories in order to make enough money to keep the family from starving.

If working in the factories was hard on the men and women of the big new industrial towns, it was cruel to their children. Even children of nine worked twelve hours a day, and often it was as much as sixteen hours a day. Many children were so tired at the end of their day's toil that they fell asleep on the mill floor. In many a northern English town you might hear in the early hours of the morning the patter of feet of children hurrying to the mill in fear lest they be late. If they were late they felt the overseer's lash. Boys who fell asleep at their work were often knocked down and beaten. Very little happiness or rest came the way of these factory children, many of whom were orphans with no one to look after them. Their only respite from work came on Sundays, when

even their masters dare not make them work, and their only school was the Sunday School, though their teachers all found them too weary to work.

It was clear to those who wanted to help the factory workers that the employers would not agree to shorten the hours of working. The longer the hands worked, said the factory owners, the greater were the profits. The only thing to do was to persuade Parliament to pass an Act to shorten the hours of work in factories. No man seemed better fitted to undertake this task than the young Lord Ashley. He himself was not so sure. He thought he might not be able to carry on the fight for the factory workers with all the skill it required. But his wife, the beautiful Lady Emily Cooper, urged him on. 'It is your duty!' she told him, 'Go forward to victory!'

So Lord Ashley proposed the Ten Hours Bill in the House of Commons. He would have liked to insist on less than ten hours work a day for the factory hands, but he knew that it would be hard enough to pass even the Ten Hours Bill. And so it was. The opponents of the bill did all they could to hinder it. The factory owners protested that it meant ruin. To delay the bill the Government suggested an inquiry into the conditions of work in factories. That took a long time. When it seemed that something would have to be done, so terrible were the reports of those sent to inquire, the Government suggested a Bill of their own,

which did not even offer a ten-hours day. Then the bill was shelved for a time. Struggle as he could, Lord Ashley found the years creeping by without any hope of success. All his moving and eloquent speeches in the House of Commons seemed to fall on deaf ears. Yet he toiled on, and slowly the nation began to realize the plight of the factory children.

Hard as he worked for the Ten Hours Bill, Lord Ashley soon found many other causes that needed his support. All his life he worked hard for the Ragged Schools. These were schools that admitted only ragged children, the waifs and strays of the slums of London. For many years these schools had been run by a group of missionaries and business men of London, but they needed a great man to help them, and so they asked Lord Ashley to be their President. Eagerly he consented, for he believed the work of the Ragged School Union to be as important as factory reform. Until the coming of the Ragged Schools the thousands of urchins in the slums and gutters of London had no one to take care of them, teach them and train them for a career. Most of them ran wild and turned into thieves and pickpockets. For years Lord Ashley and his helpers would scour the streets and alleys of the city in search of pupils for the Ragged Schools. And the schools did not merely teach the children: they had to provide clothes, food, baths and warm rooms too. In his old age Lord Ashley treasured many a letter of

thanks from former Ragged School children who had done well in life.

In 1846, after thirteen years of trying to get the Ten Hours Bill passed, Lord Ashley received another set-back. He lost his seat in the House of Commons. For many years the Corn Laws had kept the price of bread high in order that farmers and landowners might profit. But it meant that bread was too dear for the ordinary poor man, and many people nearly starved. For years two of the greatest English orators, John Bright and Richard Cobden, had been leading a campaign against the Corn Laws, but the Government under Sir Robert Peel had always refused to repeal the laws. Then at last a terrible famine in Ireland persuaded Peel that the Corn Laws ought to be swept away. Lord Ashley agreed with Sir Robert Peel, but all the landowners and farmers who had voted for the Government rose in revolt. The Corn Laws were repealed, bread became cheaper, but Sir Robert Peel was no longer Prime Minister and Lord Ashley was forced to resign his seat.

To the cause of the Ten Hours Bill this was a heavy blow. For at the same time the Government decided to oppose the Bill, and the cotton manufacturers announced that if they were forced to shorten hours of working in their factories they would lower wages. Lord Ashley knew well enough that shorter hours would mean better work and in the long run greater profits for both workers and factory owners. Up and down the country

he travelled for years making speeches in favour of the Bill. None knew better than he the horrors of the factories, for he had visited large numbers of factories in the north of England and had spoken to hundreds and thousands of factory workers. At long last came the day, in 1847, when the Ten Hours Bill became law. Though not a Member of Parliament, Lord Ashley waited anxiously in the lobbies for the result of each reading of the Bill. Once it was read and passed, then again. Then at last, it passed the third reading. Victory was won!

Four hundred thousand women and children alone were made happier by the passage of the great Bill. In one town its results were almost a miracle. In 1838, Lord Ashley had visited this town in the course of his campaign of speeches for the Ten Hours Bill and had asked all those who had been maimed or injured in the factories of the town to assemble in a public square. More than eighty people gathered in that square. 'They stood or squatted before me,' said Lord Ashley, 'in the shapes of the letters of the alphabet.' Some years after the Ten Hours Bill had been passed he returned to the same town. To his great joy not one cripple was to be found.

Lord Ashley's enemies, the owners of the factories and mills, who hated to see the reformer meddling with their businesses, and stopping them from getting all they could from their workers, soon found ways of attacking him.

They began to say that there were far worse evils to be destroyed in the country than in the towns and factories. One politician even accused Lord Ashley of ignoring the poverty and hardships among the villagers on his father's estate while he called upon all England to see the misery of the factory children. This was most unfair to Lord Ashley, for while his father lived he had no say at all in the running of the estate, and his father was so angered by his son's championship of the working classes that he refused to see him and cut short his allowance. For many years Lord Ashley never saw his ancestral home and lands, and lived as a poor man. But when his father died and he became Earl of Shaftesbury, he at once set about the task, poor as he was, of providing better cottages at lower rents for the villagers on his estate.

Lord Shaftesbury, as he had become, did not rest on his laurels. Soon he was calling for the redress of another great evil. Bad as had been the conditions of work in the factories, in the coal mines they were far more hard and cruel. In all the coal mines women and very young children toiled all day in darkness and dirt. Some took the place of pit ponies where the mine was too small for animals, and crawled on hands and knees dragging trucks of coal. Young children sat for hours, sometimes in water, opening and shutting the traps that controlled ventilation. Even at eight years of age children were set to pump water, drag and hew coal, fill and carry heavy baskets,

and toil like beasts of burden far below the ground. Lord Shaftesbury lost no time in bringing all the terrible facts to the notice of Parliament. Soon a bill was proposed to end the sufferings of children in the mines. Once again those who had profited raised a cry of protest. The country's prosperity will be ruined, they said, if you tamper with the coal industry. But the horror of the country was aroused by the stories of the sufferings and diseases of the children in the mines. The Bill was passed, and no longer did women and children toil in the darkness of the mines.

It is not possible to tell all the reforms that Lord Shaftesbury carried out. Through his work the cruel practice of setting children to work in gangs at picking, weeding, and pulling turnips in the fields from morning to night was stopped. He it was who caused the custom of employing children in hot and unhealthy calico works to be put to an end. In brickyards half-naked children were forced to carry heavy loads of wet clay until Lord Shaftesbury drew attention to the evil and it was abolished. One evil he could not abolish, hard as he tried, was the Opium Trade with China. English traders found that huge fortunes were to be made by cultivating the poppy from which opium is obtained and smuggling the drug to China. When the Chinese government ordered this smuggling to stop and destroyed some 20,000 chests of opium, the British Government declared war, captured Hong Kong, and threw open the Chinese ports

to the opium traders. Lord Shaftesbury opposed this action with all his might, but in vain. Everyone agreed that the opium trade was wrong and un-Christian, but it paid too well to be abolished.

Lord Shaftesbury next turned his attention to an evil which he said was ten times worse than any in the factories. For over a century chimney sweeps had used small boys to climb and sweep chimneys for them. Often orphans and homeless children, these poor 'climbing boys' as they were called, suffered great torments in their work. Blinded by soot, or burned by hot bricks in the chimney, they often fell and broke their limbs. Sometimes a boy would get jammed in a chimney and be suffocated. Some were burned to death in this way. If they were afraid to climb a chimney their masters beat them and prodded their feet with wire, or even lit a fire in the grate below. For a hundred years reformers had tried to abolish this evil. But housewives all over the country insisted that climbing boys swept their chimneys much more cleanly than rods and brushes. And so the evil remained until Lord Shaftesbury took up the fight against it. Again and again he spoke against it in Parliament, telling of the sufferings of the climbing boys and how they were burned and stifled in rich men's chimneys. At last in 1875 an Act was passed to abolish the practice and no longer were young children driven up hot and smoky chimneys.

By this time Lord Shaftesbury was an old man.

He was perhaps the most popular man in the country for he had done more for working men and women and their children than the greatest statesmen of the age. 'Our Earl', he was called by working men. When he died in 1885 thousands crowded the streets to pay him tribute.

'Our Earl's gone,' said one labourer. 'We shan't see his like again.'

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

WHEN anyone is ill he is looked after by a doctor and probably a nurse, and it is very likely that he will be sent to a hospital. There he will be put to bed in a large airy room or ward. He will have nurses to take care of him, make his bed, give him wholesome food, and help him to get well and strong again in a very short time. The hospital will be a large and very carefully planned building where nothing is allowed to get dirty and where all work is done in a quiet, orderly fashion. The doctors and nurses are all thoroughly trained men and women whose one purpose is to see that the many patients in their care get well as soon as possible.

Such is the modern hospital. Almost every town of any size has one of its own, and if it has not, someone is sure to be planning one for it. There are also many hospitals which take only men and women with special kinds of diseases. But every hospital in every part of the world has the same standards of cleanliness, order and kindness. Everywhere the men and women who work in these hospitals devote their lives to fighting disease of all kinds.

Two hundred years ago there were very few hospitals. Twenty-three of the counties of

England had no hospital at all, and two hospitals were thought enough for the whole of the great city of London. Not only were there very few hospitals, but those there were seemed more likely to spread disease than to prevent it. Dark and dirty old buildings with tiny windows and perhaps evil-smelling drains and very little warmth, they were miserable places for sick people who were trying to get well. Doctors were few, for all the more skilful doctors preferred to attend wealthy private patients. Nurses were not trained, but were usually poor women who could find nothing better to do. For even a hundred years ago nurses were despised as a coarse, ignorant and disreputable class of woman. So indeed they often were. In hospitals they would steal from their patients or treat them with great cruelty. Often they would be drunk on duty, and none of them knew much about what we consider the duties of nursing. No woman of good birth would dream of becoming a nurse. To do so would be to disgrace herself and her family.

In spite of this, nearly a century ago one girl of good birth, the daughter of wealthy parents, did resolve to devote her life to nursing. Nearly everything we most admire in hospitals to-day is owed to the work of this one young girl who faced the scorn of all people of her class when she became a nurse. Her name was Florence Nightingale.

Florence Nightingale was born on 15 May 1820, at Florence in Italy, and her parents called

her after the city where she was born. Her father was a wealthy country gentleman who was very fond of travelling. He owned several great mansions in different parts of England, as well as a fine house in London. So it was that even as a girl, Florence Nightingale travelled a great deal in Europe and England and met many of the noblest and wealthiest men and women of her day. Near one of her parents' country mansions lived Sidney Herbert, who was descended from one of the great noble families of England, the Earls of Pembroke. He soon became one of Florence Nightingale's closest friends. In later years when he was Secretary of State for War he did more than any man to help Florence Nightingale in her work for the hospitals.

At the age of eighteen Florence was taken to Court by her parents and presented to the young Queen Victoria, who had succeeded to the throne only the year before, 1837. She now had all that a young girl of her class could desire. Beautiful clothes, frequent parties and visits to the theatre, tours of the great cities of Europe, friends at Court, all these were hers. She lacked nothing. If she were ill the most skilled doctors of the day would be at her bedside, and she might have the rarest delicacies and wines to restore her to health. But she knew that what she could have freely and did not need, others could not have, however much they needed it.

For Florence Nightingale grew up to be different

from all the other young women of her class. They cared only for a comfortable home, fashionable clothes, parties, theatres, and all the things she soon found dull. Her one passion was nursing. She longed to become what all her friends most scorned—a nurse. When she might have had every luxury that money could buy she cared only for nursing the sick. Her friends thought her crazy.

Even when she was a child her sole ambition was to be a nurse. Her favourite game was to pretend that she was a nurse and to treat her dolls as her patients. When her sister pulled the dolls to pieces, it delighted Florence to bandage and nurse them.

When Florence came of age her parents wanted her to marry. Like everybody else in those days they considered that the only thing a woman could do was to have a home and family of her own. Very few women ever had any career but this, and certainly no respectable woman ever became a nurse! If Florence Nightingale had wanted to marry she might easily have done so. Every day she met the cleverest and wealthiest men in England, many of whom wished to marry her, for she had grown up a beautiful woman, well-educated, and worthy to be the wife of a great statesman. Even when she met a man whom she would have liked for her husband and who very much wanted to marry her, she refused his proposal. As his wife she could have been very happy, but if she were

married she would have to give up the career which she believed was destined for her. In those days no man would want his wife to be a nurse, nor indeed to have any career at all save that of a wife and mother. But Florence Nightingale knew that her mission was to be a nurse, and a nurse she was determined to be. So she renounced all thought of marriage and private happiness. Her father was shocked, her mother was in tears. But Florence was resolved, and she had her way.

‘It was’, she said, ‘as if I had wanted to be a kitchenmaid.’

She grew more and more unhappy at home, leading what she believed was an idle and useless life. Resolving to do something useful she took to visiting hospitals and Ragged Schools in the poor parts of London, and the cottages near her country home. She learned all she could about hospital work, and spent years visiting hospital after hospital in England and Europe. Before she was thirty there was scarcely a hospital in Europe she had not visited. She even visited the hospitals of convents in Egypt. At that time some of the best trained nurses belonged to convents and so Florence Nightingale resolved to go through the severe training of a convent nurse. In convents in Paris and Germany she learned those methods of cleanliness, tidiness and common sense which years later she taught to nurses in England.

After eleven years spent in visiting hospitals in this way, Florence Nightingale became recognized

in England as an expert on hospitals, and in 1853 she was appointed superintendent of a home for invalid ladies in Harley Street, London. Here she carried out many of the lessons she had learned abroad, and it was here that she was working when in March, 1854, the Crimean War broke out.

Never before in Florence Nightingale's life had England been at war. Indeed, all Europe had been at peace since the mighty French Emperor and conqueror, Napoleon, had been defeated by the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo in 1815, five years before Florence Nightingale was born.

But now England and France were fighting together as the allies of Turkey against Russia. Seeking an outlet to the sea, Russia had set her eyes on Constantinople, the ancient city that guarded the route from the Black Sea and Asia through the Bosphorus into the Mediterranean Sea. Constantinople was the capital city of the Turkish Empire that had ruled all South-Eastern Europe since the fourteenth century. But now that Empire was growing weak, and Nicholas I, the Tsar of Russia, was waiting for an excuse to invade Turkey and capture Constantinople. In 1853 his chance came when the pilgrims visiting the birth-place and sepulchre of Christ in the Holy Land, which was then in Turkish hands, complained that the Turks ill-treated them. At once the Tsar seized his chance. Though Turkey promised that the pilgrims should be protected, a Russian army invaded Roumania and advanced on Constantinople.

Turkey was forced to declare war. Russia replied by sinking a Turkish fleet at Sinope in the Black Sea. England and France at once came to Turkey's aid, for they feared that if Russia held Constantinople she would threaten their trade routes in the Mediterranean Sea.

The war was fought mainly in a district north of the Black Sea, called the Crimea, and so the war is known as the Crimean War. The aim of England and France was to destroy Sebastopol, the Russian naval base on the Black Sea. While one army was sent to check the Russian march on Constantinople, another went to the Crimea and laid siege to Sebastopol.

Sebastopol was so strongly fortified that it seemed that it would never be taken. A French and British army of 50,000 men attacked it month after month in vain. Above the town three famous battles were fought. On the river Alma, near Sebastopol, the Russians were routed in an attempt to stop the march towards the town. Then came the fierce battles at Balaclava and Inkerman which were victories for neither side. Balaclava is famous for the heroic Charge of the Light Brigade, when six hundred British cavalry charged the main force of the Russians under the deadly fire of their field guns. Most of the Light Brigade fell on the field, but it remains an example of superb bravery in the face of hopeless odds.

The first winter of the war was a time of terrible hardship for the British troops in the Crimea.

It was a bitterly cold winter, and soon hundreds of men were ill with pneumonia. The Tsar Nicholas said that January and February were his two best generals, for they slew more men than all his armies. The British soldiers were quite unprepared for a winter campaign. In fact, the British army was exactly as it had been in the days of Waterloo. In their scarlet, blue and black uniforms with gold braid, the soldiers looked picturesque, but very soon in the hardships of the winter in the Crimea most of them were ragged, cold and ill. So out of date was the organization of the army that many of them had no overcoats, food was scarce and tents and bedding insufficient. There was very little fodder for the horses, no medical stores or aid for the wounded, and when a terrible storm destroyed the tents there were none to replace them.

Before long, news of the fearful state of the army filtered home to England. In those days the voyage to England took weeks, and the telegraph system was only just beginning. But soon people in England began to realize that all was not well. The correspondent of *The Times* wrote home that the soldiers were worn to the bone, and were 'ragged, shoeless, besmeared with mud, infested with vermin' and tortured by disease. It almost seemed as if the British army would be beaten by disease, not by the Russians. All England was horrified at the news.

The stories of the sufferings of the troops in the

Crimea moved none more than Florence Nightingale. And she was the one person in England who could help. Not only did she know more about hospitals than anyone else in the country, but she was also a very masterful woman with great gifts of organization. And it happened that her friend, Sidney Herbert, was Secretary of State for War at this time. So she wrote to him offering her services on the very day when he wrote asking her to help.

In less than a week Florence Nightingale had gathered together a party of thirty-eight nurses and sailed for the Crimea. Never before had any woman undertaken such an adventure. But her daring and determination won the praise of everyone in England. Even her parents who had before tried to hinder her career as a nurse were now on her side.

It was November, 1854, when Florence Nightingale arrived at Scutari, where the army hospitals were situated. A terrible state of affairs met her. Hundreds of wounded men were being brought in from the battles of Alma and Balaclava. Next day came the battle of Inkerman. The wounded came in batches of two hundred across the Black Sea, a fearful voyage for the sick men, who had no beds and often no blankets and only salt rations to eat. Many died on the voyage, which though it normally took only about four days, now took as much as a fortnight. At the end of the voyage the wounded men had to find their

own way up a steep hill to the hospital. There were very few stretchers, and those who were not so ill had to carry those who could not walk.

After such a miserable journey their worst troubles were yet to come. The hospital in which they were quartered was a very old and huge barrack-house. It was not fitted as a hospital and had only been chosen hurriedly at the last moment for lack of anything better. Inside there were four miles of corridors and rooms packed so closely with beds that there was scarcely space to walk between them. Beneath were great sewers which fouled the air of the whole building, whilst many of the floors were so old and worm-eaten that they could not be scrubbed. Everywhere was dirt and vermin and disease.

Vast as this make-shift hospital was, it was all too small for the endless queue of the sick and wounded who needed nursing. Beds were too few, and the sheets were of canvas and so coarse that the men preferred their own blankets and coats. There was no furniture, baths, soap, nor were there towels, brooms, spoons, plates, forks, not even any lighting, so that the men had to stick candles in beer-bottles. Medical supplies such as stretchers, drugs, bandages and splints were simply not to be had. To look after the hordes of sick men there were a few old men who knew nothing about hospitals and a few young doctors who were helpless before such scenes of suffering and misery.

Then came Florence Nightingale. With her

came a supply of all the things that were needed. On leaving England she had been told that 'nothing was needed' at Scutari. But she was wiser, and on the way to Constantinople she secured a large supply of provisions and drugs. These she bought with the large sums of money given her by many friends to help her in the Crimea.

But she brought with her something far more valuable than money or stores. She brought determination and method. The bravest might have quailed at the scenes in the hospital at Scutari. Florence Nightingale set herself to work. Soon she had not only herself and her staff of thirty-eight nurses hard at work, but also the few doctors and many of the men who were not too ill. The old soldiers at first growled at the idea that a woman could be of any use, but they soon changed their views when they saw Florence Nightingale at work.

Day and night she toiled at Scutari. Soon the dirty wards were clean and orderly. All necessary equipment was secured for the sick men. Before she came, stores from England had been held up by the Turkish Customs, and on one occasion scores of sick and wounded men lay cold and shivering for lack of the clothes that had been sent them. Only Florence Nightingale could secure what was needed when it was needed. Six months after she arrived she had obtained for the men all the stores held up at Constantinople, and had arranged a Store House at Scutari itself. So the men

had the socks, boots, shirts and bedding they needed. 'I am now clothing the British Army,' she said.

Before Florence Nightingale came only seven shirts had been washed in the whole building, and the bedding was washed in cold water. At once she took a Turkish house, had boilers built, and set the soldiers' wives washing the clothes and bedding. Next, she fitted out the kitchens, and in future the sick men had regular meals of wholesome, well-cooked food. In a few months Florence Nightingale had transformed the Barracks at Scutari from a den of misery and disease to something like a hospital.

No wonder the soldiers worshipped her. They knew that many of them owed to her not only their comfort but their lives. Often when the surgeons had given up hope of saving a man's life Florence Nightingale's calm confidence and her tireless courage saved him. Day and night she visited every bed in the hospital to see that no patient was neglected and that all were as comfortable as possible. However hard she had worked all day, every night she would take her lamp and once more move from bed to bed in those miles of wards. 'The Lady with the Lamp', the soldiers called her, and the 'Lady with the Lamp' is the name by which the world has remembered her ever since.

When Florence Nightingale arrived at Scutari forty-two patients out of every hundred died.

Before she had been there long, only twenty-six in every thousand died. That alone was an amazing miracle. But the 'Lady with the Lamp' did more than this. She fitted out and organized hospitals for the wounded throughout the Crimea, and visited them all herself. For days she travelled in the saddle through bleak and hilly country, often for hours in the snow. Often tired and ill, she refused to rest, until at last she caught a fever and nearly died. Even in her illness she toiled on, writing, giving orders, organizing new comforts for the sick men. Her friends asked her to return to England for a rest. 'I will not go back,' she replied, 'until the last of the soldiers have left Scutari.'

For she knew her work was not yet done. Not only did she care for the sick and wounded soldiers, she also looked after those who were well. She found and furnished reading rooms for them, arranged classes and lectures, encouraged them to save their pay, so that in six months they sent home over £70,000. From that time it was Florence Nightingale, and not any great statesman or general whom soldiers, whether sick or well, had to thank for their comforts.

After a year's siege Sebastopol fell in September, 1855, and Russia had to agree to peace terms which meant that she could no longer hope to secure Constantinople, for she was forbidden to sail warships in the Black Sea.

Florence Nightingale remained at Scutari for

four months after the end of the war, and left for home in July, 1856. By this time she was the most popular person in England. Queen Victoria, who admired her very much, gave her a brooch in token of her appreciation. On the brooch was the inscription, 'Blessed are the Merciful'.

The end of the war was by no means the end of Florence Nightingale's work. She herself regarded it as merely the beginning. For the next fifty years she worked unceasingly for the reform of hospitals, especially of military hospitals. So popular was she that she could carry out many reforms by merely demanding them. The Queen supported her efforts, and so did her old friend, Sidney Herbert, the War Minister.

Florence Nightingale toiled on. To secure more spacious and better ventilated barracks for the army as well as efficient hospitals required a great struggle with the army chiefs, who regarded such ideas as molly-coddling. The Duke of Wellington who had ruled the army since Waterloo had not thought such things necessary, and what was good enough for him was good enough for all time, they thought. Florence Nightingale knew they were wrong. She knew that in peace time soldiers died at twice the civilian rate.

So she urged reforms with all her force. Since her return to England worn out by her efforts in the Crimea her health had broken down, and for the rest of her life she was an invalid. Yet from her couch in her London home which she rarely left,

she directed reforms in hospitals and barracks all over England and even in India. By 1861 the number of men in the army who died each year had been halved, and it was due to her alone. The year before, she had founded the famous Nightingale Training School for Nurses at St. Thomas's Hospital, London, and so began modern nursing.

Year after year she worked on, writing books on the training of nurses and the organization of hospitals, making suggestions for reforms, interviewing ministers and governors, always busy though an invalid. The fruits of her work are our modern hospitals and nursing.

At last after fifty years of endless toil she became too tired to work. Then it was that the government of the day bestowed on her one of the greatest of public honours, the Order of Merit. It was by the command of King Edward VII in 1907 that the Order was taken to her at her home. Very weary and very frail, Florence Nightingale was just able to realize the honour that was being given her. 'Too kind, too kind,' she murmured. Three years later, in 1910, she died. Wherever there are hospitals and nurses there the name of Florence Nightingale is held in great honour.

DR. BARNARDO

LATE one winter's evening in 1866 a young East London school teacher, named Barnardo, was shutting up his school for the night. It was a 'Ragged School': that is, one for boys and girls too poor and ragged to go to ordinary schools. Barnardo had just dismissed his pupils and was locking the doors and windows before going home himself, when he noticed a small, ragged urchin crouching in a corner near the fire, fast asleep.

'Here, my lad! Wake up!' exclaimed the young teacher. 'Off home to your mother!'

'Ain't got no mother, sir,' replied the urchin.

'Well, then, off to your father.'

'Got no father neither, sir.'

'Away to your home then, wherever it is.'

'I've got no home, sir.'

'Well, off to your friends, wherever you live.'

'I've got no friends, sir, and I don't live nowhere.'

No father or mother, no friends, no home, not even a place to live! Barnardo told himself that the boy must be lying. He had been a teacher in East London long enough to know how evil were its slums, but never yet had he met a child without some sort of home, however wretched.

The boy soon showed he was not lying, and the story he told filled the young teacher with horror

and pity. He said his name was Jim Jarvis, and his parents were dead. His days were spent in wandering the streets of London, for ever dodging the police. Sometimes he earned a few pennies by running an errand or doing an odd job, at others he stole his meals from roadside stalls and barrows. At night he slept in the warmest place he could find—sometimes in the Whitechapel haymarket, sometimes in a cart or on top of a shed. To-night he had hoped to be lucky enough to spend a warm night in Barnardo's school.

Jim Jarvis was a miserable sight. His clothes were tattered and grimy and he wore neither shoes nor socks. He was so skinny that it was clear that he never had enough to eat. He said he was ten years old but he was no bigger than a child of seven. But his eyes were bright and quick; always on the watch for what he could slip into his pocket, and always looking out for a policeman. He could neither read nor write and had never been to school. Once he worked for a bargee who beat him brutally, and he ran away. There was nobody to care for him, nobody to teach him a trade and find him a job.

How many more such homeless children were there in London? As he watched Jim Jarvis devour a huge meal of bread and butter and coffee, Barnardo wondered and he asked the boy.

'Oh yes, sir; lots of them—more than I could count!' was the reply.

He told how that many homeless children like

himself wandered about London, and at night gathered in bands for warmth and slept on roof tops or in hay carts or among the bales and crates of London's markets and docks. Barnardo refused to believe this until he could see for himself. So, late that night, Jim Jarvis led him out into the streets and alleys of East London. From market to market and up and down countless narrow lanes and passages they tramped, searching in every sheltered corner where a child might sleep. Barnardo was about to give up, when Jim stopped by a high wall.

‘Up there, sir!’ he pointed.

He clambered up and showed Barnardo the way. Asleep on the roof with their feet in the gutter, lay eleven urchins like Jim Jarvis. Most of them were older than he was, but all were just as ragged and thin and dirty. Everyone of them was homeless and destitute. Barnardo did not wake them. He could do nothing to help them now.

‘There's lots more,’ Jim kept on saying as they returned homewards. But Barnardo did not want to see any more. What he had already seen made him crave to devote the rest of his life to the cause of London's homeless children.

Jim Jarvis was the first destitute child Barnardo took in. He never refused to help another. Since that night in 1866 the Homes he founded have cared for well over a hundred thousand children. Thousands of others have been given meals and clothes and other help. In many of the large cities

of Britain there are Dr. Barnardo's Homes, whose doors are ever open to homeless boys and girls. All over the world you may meet men and women who owe everything to these Homes. Among them are doctors, lawyers, teachers, missionaries, musicians, artists, and Cabinet Ministers. And it all began when Thomas John Barnardo found Jim Jarvis.

Barnardo was an Irishman of Spanish descent and was born in Dublin on 4 July 1845. From childhood he was strong-willed and masterful, and apt to burst into fits of rage if he could not get his way. He hated school and despised examinations, but eagerly read every book he could find so long as it was not a school book. On leaving school he went into business where his quick intelligence and his determination soon brought him success. Yet he was not fond of business. He was deeply religious, and money-making did not content his soul. He longed to be of great service to his fellow-men. Suddenly his chance seemed to come. One day he heard a missionary call for volunteers to go with him to preach the Gospel and heal the sick in China. At once Barnardo offered to go. Forsaking his job he went to London to train as a missionary.

While he was a student in London, Barnardo spent his spare time preaching at street corners and teaching in Ragged Schools in East London. Soon after he arrived in London a terrible epidemic of cholera swept the City, and thousands fell

victim in the slums of East London alone. Barnardo worked day and night to relieve suffering and to help the bereaved and destitute. Never could he forget what he had seen in those ghastly days, and he was filled with a longing to do all he could for the poor people of East London, particularly the children. Soon he resolved to start a Ragged School of his own. The new school was held in a disused donkey-shed which Barnardo repaired, whitewashed and fitted out as a classroom. Here every evening came poor and ragged children who wanted to learn to read and write, and here came Jim Jarvis hoping to find a warm night's rest.

Barnardo soon found Jim Jarvis a home where he was well cared for and sent to school. Some years later Jim went to Canada, where he became a prosperous farmer. But what of all the other homeless boys of London? Barnardo had saved one, but how could he help the others? It did not take him long to discover that there were far more of these waifs in East London than ever he could count. Unaided, he could do nothing for them. Besides, soon he would have to leave England and go to China as a missionary.

Yet he could not forget the night he found Jim Jarvis. China and her needs were far away. Here were children at home who urgently needed his help now. Surely this would be missionary work? Barnardo began to wonder whether he ought not to give up his plan of going to China,

and stay at home to help the waifs and strays of London.

But he felt himself helpless to do anything. How could he, an unknown missionary student with very little money, undertake so great a task as this? One day he went to a meeting where a famous man was to appeal for men to volunteer as missionaries. Just before the time for the speech a message came saying that the great man was ill. The meeting was about to be abandoned when someone thought of Barnardo, the student who was going to China. So Barnardo was asked to speak. The hall was packed, and Barnardo at first could think of nothing to say. Then he thought of Jim Jarvis and at once began to tell how he had found the homeless boy and how he had seen many others like him. He appealed to his hearers to help the homeless children of London. Here was missionary work they could do which was just as valuable as sending missionaries to China. Was it not a disgrace to a Christian country that thousands of its children should have no friends or home?

As Barnardo was about to go home that night a young maidservant hurried up to him, told him that she had been saving up farthings for weeks to help the missionaries, and then put a small bag into his hands, which she said contained all her savings. 'Surely to help these homeless lads is missionary work?' she cried, and ran away before Barnardo could reply. On opening the bag he found

twenty-seven farthings. It was the first gift he ever received on behalf of the waifs of London. Now he knew that he would have to devote his life to the cause of the homeless lads of London. He could not go to China while this work remained to be done.

A few days after this, all London was talking of what Barnardo had revealed that night. Some people said it was all nonsense and that Barnardo was lying. Others were not so sure and were seriously worried. Among these was Lord Shaftesbury, the famous reformer who was President of the Ragged Schools. For many years Shaftesbury had worked hard for children in mines and factories and big cities, and here was a young man who spoke of thousands of homeless children of whom he knew nothing. He at once asked Barnardo to dine with him and a few friends in order to find out more about these children. Many were the questions Barnardo was asked that evening before Shaftesbury and his friends were satisfied. 'If what you say is true,' asked one, 'can you show us the sights you have described?' Barnardo said he would do so gladly at any time. 'Why not to-night?' asked Lord Shaftesbury. So although it was nearly midnight the party at once set off for the East End of London.

At first they could find no children. It was a bitter, windy night, and Shaftesbury and his friends began to think that no child would be found sleeping out on such a night. Then they came to

a huge pile of barrels and crates, covered with tarpaulin. Groping about this, Barnardo suddenly discovered a ragged boy, looking half-starved. Soon he found more, and when Lord Shaftesbury promised a penny and a free meal to all who would come out of their hiding places, seventy-three others quickly appeared. After they had devoured a huge meal of sausages, bread and butter and coffee at a shop near by, Lord Shaftesbury lined them up and gave them each the promised penny. He had seen enough. Now he knew that all Barnardo had told him was true, and he promised to help the young man in every way.

The beginnings of Barnardo's work for the outcasts of London were small enough. He rented the assembly rooms over the King's Arms, a public-house in the Mile End Road. Here he ran a Mission Hall for boys and girls. But in a short time he fell ill and several months passed before he could begin work once more. When his health returned, he rented two cottages and began his mission services again. He also ran a Sunday School and a night school, a penny bank, a library, a class where girls could learn to sew, and many other services for poor children and young men and women. All the time he was learning more about the work he had to do and finding more and more helpers and supporters.

Eager as he was to help the waifs and strays of London, and impatient as he was by nature, Barnardo resolved to go about the work he had

set himself in a calm, businesslike way. Hasty work and too great boldness might ruin all. He must be a man others could trust, one who was beyond reproach, for many would be his enemies. He studied medicine and qualified as a doctor in order that he himself might be sure that the health of the children in his care was not neglected through lack of knowledge. He resolved never to get into debt, and for many years refused to borrow a penny for his work. His Homes, he declared, must never get into debt, or else disaster might fall on the children who believed in him. In all his plans and schemes the welfare and happiness of the children in his care was his chief concern.

Ever since the night he found Jim Jarvis, Dr. Barnardo had made it his business to find homes for boys like Jim. By the year 1870 this work had grown enormously. Every inch of space in his two cottages was used for his schools and mission services. So many children crowded into his rooms for lessons that they began to complain that they had no room to breathe. And yet every day more and more children came to Dr. Barnardo asking for help. A new home had to be found, and at the end of 1870 Barnardo rented a building at No. 18 Stepney Causeway. Here he had room for 60 boys. Soon Stepney Causeway was the headquarters of Dr. Barnardo's work.

Boys who came for help to Dr. Barnardo's Home were not merely given a bed and meals. They learned to be useful citizens. They went to

school, they had plenty of outdoor games and sports, and they were taught some trade such as carpentry, shoe-making or bookbinding, by which they could earn a living. No boy under Dr. Barnardo's care was allowed to be idle. While he could, Barnardo found outside homes for his boys where they could be brought up as members of a family. Later he helped boys to emigrate to Canada where many, like Jim Jarvis, became farmers. Yet money was scarce and Barnardo was still resolved never to run into debt. All depended on the kindness of those who would give him money for his work, and never a penny did he waste. But always there were more children needing help than there were pounds to help them.

One day a shivering, hungry boy of eleven came to Barnardo and asked to be taken into his home. Nicknamed 'Carrots' by his friends, he sold matches in the streets to earn a living. He had no home, for his mother had turned him out when he was barely seven years old. The weather was cold and wet, 'Carrots' did not feel well and had sold very few matches. So he came to Dr. Barnardo for help. But every bed in the Home was full and Barnardo had to tell the boy to come back a week later. Meanwhile he gave 'Carrots' a hot meal and some money to help him on his way until there was room for him. A week later some workmen found 'Carrots' in Billingsgate, dead. At the inquest it was said that he had died of cold and hunger.

Barnardo was horrified when he heard the news. He could not help blaming himself for the boy's death. He told himself that at all costs he ought to have made room for 'Carrots'. There and then he made a solemn resolve never again to refuse to take in any child who had no home—even if it meant running into debt. Outside the Home in Stepney Causeway he hung a bold notice which said: 'No destitute child ever refused admission.' And since that day the doors of Dr. Barnardo's Homes have never been shut in the face of any homeless child.

At first only boys were taken in Dr. Barnardo's Homes, but soon he saw that there were as many homeless girls as boys wandering the streets of London. Something had to be done to help them. But what? Barnardo was convinced that these girls ought to be cared for in a way that would make up for their lack of homes and families of their own. Soon he hit on the idea of cottage homes, as he called them. He bought a plot of land in Essex and there built eleven cottages. To each cottage there was a 'mother' who had a number of girls in her care. The Girls' Village Home proved a great success. It has been called 'the loveliest village in the world'. With its own church and hospital and over 80 cottages it has a population of well over a thousand girls. Here girls not only go to school and have a chance to fit themselves for a chosen career, they can also learn to cook and sew, to look after

children and to do all the other duties of keeping house.

Barnardo's success soon began to gain him enemies. Some were jealous of his triumphs and spread stories that he was making huge profits out of the money given to him to help children. Others accused him of ill-treating and half-starving the children in his Homes. So many and unjust were the slanders put about by Barnardo's enemies that a public enquiry had to be held. The Homes were carefully inspected and all the accounts examined. Every one of the charges made by his enemies was proved to be false and Dr. Barnardo's Homes were highly praised by the inspectors.

But more trouble was made by Barnardo's enemies. Parents of children in his care were encouraged to accuse Barnardo of kidnapping their children. Some who had turned their children on the streets many years earlier would come forward and claim them after Barnardo had cared for them, educated them and sent them to Canada. As the law said that no one but a child's parents could be his lawful guardians, Barnardo was forced to give way. Fighting the claims of such parents cost him a great deal of money, but he refused to give up the care of his children without a fight. The children he had brought up could earn a living of their own, and he knew only too well that parents who till now had done nothing for their children could only be trying to lay hands on the money they could get out of them. Many were the hours

Barnardo spent in the courts, but the law was against him, though often the judges wished him well and condemned the unscrupulous parents. At last public opinion demanded a change in the law. In 1891 Parliament passed an Act known as the 'Barnardo Act'. This permitted Homes such as Dr. Barnardo's to take care of children neglected by their parents and to refuse to allow such parents to claim back their children when they could earn a living of their own. Barnardo had won yet another victory for homeless children.

In spite of all attacks, Dr. Barnardo's Homes helped more and more children every year. Village homes for boys as well as girls were founded in many parts of the country and overseas. Hospitals and homes for cripple children were started, and in fourteen cities of Great Britain were to be found the famous 'Ever Open Doors', where destitute children were taken in at any time of day or night. By the time Dr. Barnardo died in 1905 he had cared for over 60,000 children. And the number of children all over the world who owe to him their chance in life is still growing. Wherever you travel now, you will meet men and women who are proud to say that they once belonged to Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

LIVING NAMES

Stout paper binding 2s. Limp cloth 2s. 9d.

SIX PHYSICISTS *by John Walton*

GALILEO, NEWTON, DAVY, FARADAY, KELVIN, MME. CURIE.

PIONEERS OF MEDICINE *by John Walton and H. McNicol*

HARVEY, JENNER, PASTEUR, LISTER, OSLER, ROSS

SEVEN BIOLOGISTS

by T. H. Savory, F. E. Joselin and John Walton

ARISTOTLE, LINNAEUS, LAMARCK, CUVIER, MENDEL, DARWIN, PAVLOV.

SEVEN INVENTORS *by H. McNicol*

ARKWRIGHT, WEDGWOOD, GOODYEAR, THE BROTHERS WRIGHT
EDISON, MARCONI.

SEVEN CIVIL ENGINEERS *by John Walton*

SMEATON, MCADAM, RENNIE, STEPHENSON, I. K. BRUNEL, DE LESSEPS
BENJAMIN BAKER.

SIX MEN OF BUSINESS *by H. McNicol*

ROTHSCHILD, REUTER, RHODES, CADBURY, CARNEGIE, ROCKEFELLER.

MAKERS OF THE U.S.A. *by John Walton*

FRANKLIN, WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, JACKSON, LINCOLN, LEE.

SIX EXPLORERS *by John Walton*

MARCO POLO, COLUMBUS, COOK, STURT, LIVINGSTONE, SCOTT

SIX MORE EXPLORERS *by John Walton*

VASCO DA GAMA, FERDINAND MAGELLAN, JACQUES CARTIER, MUNGO
PARK, RICHARD BURTON, ROALD AMUNDSEN.

SIX REFORMERS *by John Walton*

WILBERFORCE, PEEL, ELIZABETH FRY, SHAFTESBURY, FLORENCE
NIGHTINGALE, BARNARDO.

SIX GOOD SAMARITANS *by G. F. Lamb*

HOWARD, SIR WILLIAM HILLARY, FATHER DAMIEN, NANSEN, GRENFELL,
ALBERT SCHWEITZER.

SIX MISSIONARIES IN AFRICA

by Cecil Northcott and Joyce Reason

MOFFAT, LIVINGSTONE, STEWART, MACKAY, MARY SLESSOR, ALBERT
COOK.

All prices are subject to change without notice

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS